THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING ſeen in your Viſitor ſome ſtrictures on the ſentiments of a Mr. Thomas Moore, copied from the Edinburgh Review, which, I imagine, muſt have been very acceptable to your readers, I ſhall, with your leave, try my hand at a critique on one or two *grammatical* errors which prevail amongſt ourſelves, both in writing and in common diſcourſe. Indeed I am guilty of ſo many myſelf, that I cannot with any propriety claim to "caſt the firſt ſtone;" yet as my object is to correct the error without expoſing the perſon, I believe I will venture to make the attempt.

Nothing is more common than ſuch expreſſions as theſe, *had have*, and *had rather*. In common converſation few people, except pedants, are careful to obſerve all the niceties of ſcholaſtic diſtinctions, but it is not as excuſable to write as to ſpeak incorrectly. Yet even in print we are frequently told by an author, "If I had have been there—If I had have known it—if I had have ſuſpected ſuch a thing, I could have prevented it." Now I conſider all theſe *had haves* as ungrammatical, and of courſe improper. In ſuch caſes we ſhould ſay, I think, "If I had been there—if I had known it—if I had ſuſpected, &c." Grammarians tell us that *have* is both an active, and what is called an auxiliary verb. The former frequently requires, in its conjugation, and accordingly receives the aid of its namelake in the formation of its tenſes. In running over theſe through all the moods, we find no ſuch thing as *had have*. Let us try an example in the Indicative; preſent tenſe, I have, Imp. I had, Perf. I have had, Plupperf. I had had, 1ſt Fut. I ſhall have, 2d Fut. I ſhall have had: and ſo on, through the other moods. In conjugating the verb, to be, by the help of the ſame auxiliary, we find it runs thus; I am, I was, I have been, I had been, I ſhall or will be, I ſhall or will have been; but in no inſtance I *had have* been. I am ſenſible that in familiar diſcourſe we commit ſuch inaccuracies through mere inattention, yet as they occur ſo often in printed pamphlets and the ſpeeches of Aſſembly-men, I hope the remarks I have made upon them will not be accounted hypercritical.

As to *had rather*, I believe it is more common than *had have been*, but not leſs improper. It ſhould be, I *would* rather. For the illuſtration of this, when you hear a man ſay "I had rather eat corn bread than wheat bread," juſt deſire him to tranſpoſe the word *rather*, ſo as to place it immediately before *than*. The ſentence would then read thus; I had eat corn bread rather than wheat bread." But if you uſe the word *would*, then, whether *rather* be tranſpoſed or not, the ſentence will be perfectly grammatical.

As I have diſpatched theſe two vulgarities rather ſooner than I expected, I ſhall take the liberty of ſubjoining a few remarks on the modern pronunciation of words. From my youth I had been accuſtomed to hear people talk of *ſcepticiſm* and *ſceptics*; but when a few years ago, I heard, for the firſt time, the learned ſpeak of *ſkepticiſm* and *ſkeptics*, I was really at a loſs to determine what language they were uſing. This way of pronouncing I ſoon found, as indeed I expected, to be the reſult of their profound erudition; for I was informed that the words were ſo pronounced on account of their Greek etymology. There is no ſuch thing, I am well perſuaded, as contending with ſucceſs againſt the learned; yet I never found one of them able to ſhew cauſe, to ſpeak after the manner of lawyers, why *ſceptre* ſhould not be pronounced *ſkeptre*, ſince that is of a Greek derivation alſo. I do not mean, however, to be very rigorous with them on this ſcore, for I think it not improbable that it is a commendable enmity to ſceptics that induces them to make the very ſound of the name as harſh and odious as poſſible. Having a great reſpect myſelf for ſceptres, I hope they will be ſo good as not degrade them into ſkeptres; and then they ſhall have my leave to call a ſceptic Beelzebub, if they pleaſe.

That too, which from the creation of the world was *Horizon*, is now, forſooth, a Hörizon. Philoſophers tell us of a rational and a ſenſible Horizon; but I gueſs it would puzzle them to know what epithet to give to Hörizon. I would juſt ſuggeſt to the 'ſcholards' that the word is almoſt literally Greek. To conclude, for the preſent, inſtead of advertizing any thing we may have loſt, we are now directed to put out an ad*ver*tiſment. It is well that they have been good enough to retain the letters which compoſe the word, or I am ſure no man of common underſtanding could tell, for his life, what in all the world was intended by ad*ver*tiſing a horſe.

But in this age of miſerable innovation, I ſhould be ſürprized at nothing.

In ſpight of changes I ſtill remain
Your h'ble. ſer'vt,

SENEX.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

TASTE, like a delicate plant, is very liable to be checked or diſtorted by negligence or improper management.

An author may be diſpoſed to eſtimate the value of his works by the labor they have coſt him, but thoſe are generally moſt admired which he writes with the greateſt eaſe and the warmeſt enthuſiaſm.

A brilliant idea happily expreſſed may glitter in the fairy regions of fancy, but the underſtanding follows that light only which it receives from the orb of reaſon.

A celebrated writer compares reaſon to the ſun, of which the light is conſtant, uniform and laſting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but tranſient luſtre, irregular in its motion and deluſive in its direction.

The various purſuits and profeſſions of men, which they are familiarized to from early life, generally form their character and manners; they carry the marks of each rank and profeſſion which experience teaches us belong to it: but he is the moſt accompliſhed who has neither too much nor too little of that diſtinguiſhing bias which uſually accompanies his particular condition and ſituation.

Vanity, very civilly, keeps us in good humour with ourſelves; and though ſhe is a conſtant companion, yet we never ſeem diſpoſed to acknowledge the leaſt acquaintance with her.

Wiſdom and virtue are the ſtrongeſt ſupports of a government; vice and depravity are its moſt inveterate enemies, and inceſſantly labour under different diſguiſes to ſap its foundation.

The jealouſy of little minds is in proportion to their want of merit: they make up in petulance whatever may be deficient in reflection and judgment.

There is a wide difference between the malice of a ſlave and the vengence of a great mind juſtly provoked: while we abhor Iago, and view his fall with pleaſure, we find ſomething in the character of Zanga that commands our pity.

Talents without virtue are inſidious enemies; they only add ſtrength to our vices, and make them more conſpicious.

It ſometimes happens that the enemies of truth are inſtrumental in extending her influence: had it not been for the attacks of infidelity we might never have ſeen the unanſwerable defences of Addiſon and Warburton, nor the elegant and able apology of Watſon.

WOMEN.

There is an unaccountable humour in ſome women, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial, and numberleſs evils ariſe from this fantaſtical diſpoſition. They conſider only the drapery of the ſpecies, and never caſt away a thought on thoſe ornaments of the mind that makes perſons illuſtrious in themſelves, and uſeful to others.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ABBEY.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Courtenay, whoſe every faculty had been nearly abſorbed through the influence of this unſeen minſtreſly, had yet witneſſed, with ſincere pleaſure, the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the ſtranger, who ſtill knelt before the lamp, by whoſe pale light he beheld a perfect reſignation tranquilize thoſe features which a few minutes had been diſtorted by the ſtruggles of remorſe, for ſuch had been the ſoothing and ſalutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and ſelf-accuſing ſpirit, that hope now cheered the boſom ſo recently the manſion of deſpair.

Whilſt Edward, in ſacred regard to the nobleſt feelings of humanity, forbore to interrupt the progreſs of emotions ſo friendly to virtue and contrition, the muſic, which had gradually, and with many a dying cloſe, breathed fainter on the ear, now, in tones that whiſpered peace and mercy, and which ſounded ſweet as the accents of departed ſaints, melted into air, and deep ſilence again pervaded the Abbey. This however, continued not long, for in a few moments was heard the echo of light footſteps, and preſently Courtenay, by the glimmering of the lamp, indiſtinctly beheld ſome object which, gliding rapidly up the choir, moved towards the ſpot where the ſtranger was yet kneeling. His aſtoniſhment was encreaſed when, on its approaching nearer, he could perceive the form of a young and elegant woman. She was clothed perfectly in white, except where the veſt was bound by a black zone, and over her ſhoulders flowed negligently a profuſion of light brown hair. A ſmile of the moſt winning ſweetneſs played upon her features, though the dewy luſtre of her eye, and the tears that lingered on her cheek, revealed the ſtruggles of the heart. The ſtranger, who had riſen at her approach, embraced her with the moſt affectionate emotion; they were both ſilent however, and both now kneeling on the marble ſlab employed ſometime in prayer. Nothing ever appeared to Courtenay more intereſting than the countenance of this beautiful young woman, thus lighted up by all the ſenſibility of acute feeling; her eyes bathed in tears, and lifted toward heaven, beamed forth an expreſſion truly angelic, whilſt the exquiſite delicacy of her complexion and features, over which the penſive graces had diffuſed their moſt faſcinating charms, together with the ſimplicity and energy of her devotion as with claſped hands and trembling lips ſhe implored the aſſiſtance of the divine ſpirit, formed a picture worthy of the canvas of Raphael.

Edward now ſaw before him the cauſe of thoſe rumours and fears which had been circulated with ſo much induſtry in the neighbourhood; for, ſince the appearance of this amiable young woman, he had been perfectly convinced that the muſic to which he had lately liſtened with ſo much rapture, had its origin with her. In a ſtill night theſe ſound might be heard to ſome diſtance, and, together with the glimmering of the light, would occaſion no ſmall alarm to the peaſant who ſhould happen at that time to be paſſing near the Abbey, and whoſe apprehenſions thus excited might eaſily create ſome imaginary being, the offſpring of ignorance and terror; or perhaps ſome pilgrim, more daring than the reſt, had penetrated the interior of the ruin, and had probably beheld one of the very ſtriking figures now preſent to his eyes. This, without further inquiry, he had deemed, what indeed would, at firſt be the ſurmiſe of any ſpectator, ſome viſion of another world, and had thus ſtrengthened the ſuperſtition of the country and protected the ſeclusion of the ſtrangers.

As theſe reflections were paſſing through his mind, the intereſting objects which had given them birth had riſen from their kneeling poſture, and after interchanging looks of mingled gratitude and delight, were arm in arm retiring from the ſacred marble, when Edward, whoſe eagerneſs to diſcover the motives of the elder ſtranger's conduct had been greatly augmented ſince the appearance of his fair companion, determined, if poſſible, to trace them to the place of their abode. Entering the choir, therefore, by one of the lateral doors he followed them with ſlow and ſilent footſteps, preſerving ſuch a diſtance as, he thought, might prevent the lamp from revealing his perſon. He had purſued them in this manner unobſerved through the choir, but upon their ſuddenly turning at an acute angle to enter the cloyſters, the light ſtreaming faintly on his figure diſcovered him to the younger ſtranger, who, uttering a loud ſhriek, leaned trembling on the arm of her friend.

Courtenay now immediately ruſhing forward endeavoured to allay their apprehenſions by informing them of his name and place of reſidence, and the motives which had, at this time of night, led him to viſit the Abbey; he told them that, filial piety having drawn him to the tomb of his father, he had very unexpectedly perceived a light in the interior of the building; which ſtrongly exciting his curioſity, and corroborating the reports of the country, he had endeavopred to aſcertain their abode, it being his intention at ſome future period to ſolicit an explanation of what he had now witneſſed.

Whilſt Edward was yet ſpeaking, a ghaſtly paleneſs overſpread the countenance of the elder ſtranger; it was momentary however; for ſoon reſuming his tranquility, he addreſſed Courtenay in a low but firm tone of voice. "I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid he, "to have occaſioned, by my partial reſidence here, ſo much apprehenſion among the inhabitants of your village; but as I have reaſons for wiſhing concealment, at leaſt for a time, I have thought it neceſſary, though acquainted with their fears, not to undeceive them. But with you I know already I can have no motives for diſguiſe, for, though from great change of feature, brought on by deep ſorrow, and great change of apparel, I have hitherto eſcaped your recognition, you will find by-and-by that we were formerly better acquainted. In the mean time I will conduct you to the ſpot we inhabit, where, ſhould you wiſh for an explanation of the extraordinary ſcenes you have been a ſpectator of this night, the recital, though it will coſt me many ſtruggles, ſhall be given you, and I do this, ſtrange as it may now ſound to you, actuated by the recollection of paſt friendſhip." Having ſaid thus, he and his beautiful partner, who had liſtened with almoſt as much ſurpriſe as Edward to an addreſs ſo unexpected, moved ſlowly on, and Courtenay, occupied in fruitleſs conjecture, followed in ſilence.

They paſſed along a large portion of the cloyſters, whoſe perſpective, as ſeen by the dreary light of the lamp, had a ſingularly awful effect, and then, aſcending ſome ſteps, entered what is termed the dormitory, and which was carried over this part of the Abbey to a conſiderable diſtance. Here in two ſmall chambers, where the roof remained ſufficiently entire, were a couple of beds, and a ſmall quantity of neat furniture, and here the ſtranger pauſing invited Edward to enter. "Theſe rooms," obſerved he, "are my occaſional habitation for at leaſt twice a week during the night: but before I commence the melancholy narrative of my crimes and ſufferings, I will endeavour to recall your recollection to your companion in arms upon the continent; for this purpoſe I will retire for a few minutes and put on the dreſs I uſually come hither in, the habit you now ſee upon me being merely aſſumed after reaching this place: beſt ſuited to the ſituation of my mind, to the penitence and humiliation that await me here." His tone of ſpeaking, as he thus addreſſed Courtenay, was perceivably altered, being much more open and full than before, and brought to Edward's ear a voice he had been accuſtomed to, though he could not at the moment appropriate it to any individual of his acquaintance. During his abſence his amiable companion, who had not perfectly recovered from the alarm into which ſhe had been thrown by Courtenay's intruſion, ſat ſilent and reſerved, until Edward, obſerving ſome manuſcript muſic in the room, ventured to enquire if the exquiſite performance he had liſtened to with ſo much delight in the Abbey, had not originated with her. A deep ſigh at this queſtion eſcaped her boſom, and her eyes filled with tears, whilſt in tremulous accents ſhe replied, that owing to the great relief and ſupport her brother experienced from muſic, ſhe always accompanied him to this place, and that it was a ſource of the pureſt happineſs to her to be thus able, through the medium of her harp and voice, to alleviate and ſooth his ſorrows. For this purpoſe the inſtrument was left at the Abbey, and was placed in that part of the ruin where its tones were beſt heard, and produced the moſt pleaſing effect. At this inſtant the door opening, the ſtranger entering clothed in a mourning military undreſs, and bearing a taper in his hand; he placed himſelf the light gleaming ſteadily on his countenance, oppoſite Courtenay, who involuntarily ſtarted at his appearance. "Do you not remember," he exclaimed, "the officer who was wounded by your ſide at the battle of Zutphen?" 'My God,' cried Edward, 'can it be Clifford?' "The ſame, my friend, the ſame," he replied, though affliction has anticipated on his features the characters of age. You behold, Courtenay, the moſt unfortunate the moſt miſerable of men;—but let me not pain my ſweet Caroline by a recital of facts which have already wounded almoſt to diſſolution her tender heart;—we will walk, my friend, into the abbey! its awful gloom will better ſuit the dreadful tale I have to unfold." Saying this, and promiſing his ſiſter to return in a few minutes, they deſcended into the cloyſters, and from thence through the choir into the body of the church.

The tranquility of the night, and the light and refreſhing breeze that yet lingered amid the ruin, and ſwept through its long withdrawing aiſles, were unavailing to mitigate the agitation of Clifford, as with trembling footſteps he paſſed along the choir, "O my friend," he exclaimed, "the ſpirits of thoſe I have injured hover near us! Beneath that marble ſlab my Courtenay, on which you ſaw me kneel with ſo much horror and remorſe, repoſe the reliques of a beloved wife, of the moſt amiable of her ſex, and who owes her death (God of mercy, regiſter not the deed!) to the wild ſuggeſtions of my jealous frenzy." Whilſt thus ſpeaking, they hurried rapidly forwards toward the weſtern part of the Abbey, and here Clifford, reſuming more compoſure, proceeded in his narrative. "You may probably recollect about a twelvemonth ago my obtaining leave of the Earl of Leiceſter to viſit England; I came, my friend, upon a fatal errand. I had learnt, through the medium of an officious relation, that my wife my beloved Matilda, of whoſe affection and accompliſhments you have frequently heard me ſpeak with rapture, had attached herſelf to a young man who had viſited in the neighbourhood of my eſtate at C———n, but that ſhe had lately removed for the ſummer months to a ſmall houſe and farm I poſſeſs within a mile or two of this Abbey, and that here likewiſe ſhe continued to receive the attentions of the young ſtranger. Fired by repreſentations ſuch as theſe, and racked with ceaſeleſs jealouſy, I returned to England in diſguiſe, and found the report of my relation the theme of common converſation in the county. It was on the evening of a fine ſummer's day that I reached the hamlet of G——— and with a trembling hand and palpitating heart knocked at my own door. The ſervant informed me that Matilda had walked towards the Abbey. I immediately took the ſame route; the ſun had ſet; and the grey tinting of evening had wrapt every object in uniform repoſe, the moon however was riſing, and in a ſhort time ſilvered part of the ruin and its neighbouring trees. I placed myſelf in the ſhadow of one of the buttreſſes, and had not waited long ere Matilda, my beautiful Matilda, appeared, leaning on the arm of the ſtranger. You may conceive the extreme agitation of my ſoul at a ſpectacle like this; unhappily revenge was, at the inſtant, the predominating emotion, and ruſhing forward with my ſword, I called upon the villain as I then thought him, to defend himſelf.—Shocked by the ſuddenneſs of the attack, and the wild impetuoſity of my manner, Matilda fell inſenſible on the earth, and only recovered recollection at the moment when my ſword had pierced the boſom of the ſtranger, through whoſe guard I had broken in the firſt fury of the aſſault. With ſhrieks of agony and deſpair ſhe ſprang towards the murdered youth, and falling on his body exclaimed, "my brother, my dear, dear brother!"

Had all nature fallen into diſſolution around me, my aſtoniſhment and horror could not have been greater than what I felt from theſe words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I ſtood fixed to the ground an image of deſpair and guilt. Meantime the life blood of the unhappy Waltingham ebbed faſt away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved ſiſter, who, at this event, perhaps fortunately for us both, relapſed into a ſtate of inſenſibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the ſtupor into which I had been thrown were thoſe I believe of frenzy, nor can I now dwell upon them with ſafety, nor without a partial derilection of intellect. Suffice it to ſay, that I had ſufficient preſence of mind left to apply for aſſiſtance at the neareſt cottage, and that the hapleſs victime of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful ſcene awaited her, the recognition of her huſband as the murderer of her brother;—this, through the attention of my friends, for I myſelf was incapable of acting with rationality, was for ſome time poſtponed; it came at length, however, through the agonies of my remorſe and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have ſcarce elapſed ſince I placed her by the ſide of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our rencounter, had not been many months returned from the Indies, and was in perſon a perfect ſtranger to your friend. Beneath that marble ſlab they reſt, my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawleſs hand, I ſhould have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved ſiſter, my amiable and gentle Caroline, ſtepped in, like an angel, between her brother and deſtruction.

Singular as it may appear, the greateſt ſatisfaction I now receive, is from frequent viſits to the tomb of Matilda and her brother; there, over the reliques of thoſe I have injured, to implore the mercy of an offended Deity; ſuch however are the agonies I ſuffer from the recolleſtion of my crime, that even this reſource would be denied me were it not for the intervention of the powers of muſic; partial I have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repreſſion of feelings that would otherwiſe exhauſt my ſhattered frame. You have witneſſed the ſevere ſtruggles of remorſe which at times agitate this afflicted heart, you have likewiſe ſeen the ſoothing and ſalutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repoſe the fever of a wounded ſpirit, the workings nearly of deſpair. A ſtate of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itſelf, is uſually the effect of her ſweet and pathetic ſtrains; it is then I think myſelf forgiven; it is then I ſeem to hear the gentle accents of my Matilda in concert with the heavenly tones; they whiſper of eternal peace, and ſenſations of unutterable pleaſure ſteal through every nerve.

When ſuch is the reſult, when peace and piety are the offſpring of the act, you will not wonder at my viſits to this melancholy ruin; ſoon as the ſhades of evening have ſpread their friendly covert, twice a week we haſten hither from our cottage; a ſcene, ſimilar to what you have been a ſpectator of to night, takes place, and we retire to reſt in the little rooms which we have rendered habitable in the Dormitory. In the morning very early we quit the houſe of penitence and prayer; and ſuch is the dread which the occaſional glimmering of lights and the ſounds of diſtant muſic have given birth to in the country, that none but our ſervant, who is faithful to the ſecret, dare approach near the place; we have conſequently hitherto, ſave qy your ſelf, remained undiſcovered, and even unſuſpected.

Such, my friend, is the hiſtory of my crimes and ſufferings, and ſuch the cauſes of the phenomena you have beheld to night,—but ſee, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, ſhe to whom under heaven I am indebted for any portion of tranquility I yet enjoy is approaching to meet us. I can diſcern her by the whiteneſs of her robes gliding down yon diſtant aiſle."

Caroline had become apprehenſive for her brother, and had ſtolen from the Dormitory with the view of checking a converſation which ſhe was afraid would prove two affecting for his ſpirits. Edward beheld her, as ſhe drew near, rather as a being from the regions of the bleſt, the meſſenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the frailties of humanity. If the beauties of her perſon had before intereſted him in her favour, her conduct towards the unhappy Clifford had given him the fulleſt conviction of the purity and goodneſs of her heart, or the ſtrength and energy of her mind, and from this moment he determined if poſſible, to ſecure an intereſt in a boſom ſo fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was now compelled, however though greatly reluctant, to take leave of his friends for the night, and haſten to remove the extreme alarm into which his ſervants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached, as near as their fears would permit them to the Abbey, for to enter its precincts was a deed they thought two daring for man, and had there exerted all their ſtrength, though vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was therefore with a joy little ſhort of madneſs they again beheld their maſter, who, as ſoon as theſe ſymptoms of rapture had ſubſided, had great difficulty in repreſſing their curioſity, which was on full ſtretch for information from another world.

It may here perhaps be neceſſary to add, that time and the ſoothing attentions of his beloved ſiſter, reſtored at length to perfect peace, and to the almoſt certain hope of pardon from the Deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford.—I can only add, that time ſaw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them, at the hoſpitable manſion of the Courtenays, Clifford paſſed the remainder of his days.

Dr Beaties Account of an extraordinary Deliverance.

As a gentleman was walking acroſs the river Dee when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he ſunk; but kept himſelf from being carried away in the current, by graſping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening.

A dog who attended him, after many fruitleſs attempts to reſcue his maſter, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the firſt perſon he met. The man was alarmed, and would have diſengaged himſelf. But the dog regarded him with a look ſo kind and ſo ſignificant, and endeavoured to pull him along with ſuch a gentle violence, that he began to think there might be ſomething extraordinary in the caſe, and ſuffered himſelf to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his maſter in time to ſave his life.

In the preſent deluge of Novels, which exhibits little elſe than a flood of ſentiment ſporting with the wreck of principle, there now and then appears a fragment of common ſenſe and ſound morality; one of which, we lately, in an hour of leiſure, happened to pick up; and though many of our readers may have ſeen it, we ſtill think it ſuch a phenomenon as will juſtify our extracting from it the following letter. The writer of the original is characteriſed as an old lady of high birth, but uncontaminated by the follies of faſhion; and the perſon to whom it is addreſſed is repreſented as her daughter, whoſe benevolent heart, though generally alive to every maxim of prudence, had unfortunately betrayed her into a correſpondence with with a wretched diſciple of the WOLSTONECRAFT ſchool; ſome of whoſe letters ſhe had ſent to her mother, accompanied excuſes for the conduct of their author; and theſe, it is ſuppoſed, elicited from the old lady the ſubſequent remarks. *Viſitor.*

The ducheſs of——To her Daughter.

MY DEAREST CHILD.

I MUST anſwer your laſt before I ſleep—before I can ſleep in peace. I have juſt finiſhed reading the rhapſody which it incloſed; and while my mind is full and warm upon the ſubject, let me write, for I can write to my own ſatisfaction at no other time. I admire and love you, my child, for the generous indignation you expreſs againſt thoſe who trample upon the fallen, or who meanly triumph over the errors of ſuperior genius; and if I ſeem more cold or more ſevere, than you wiſh me to be, attribute this to my anxiety for your happineſs, and to that caution which is perhaps the infirmity of age.

In the courſe of my long life I have, alas! ſeen Vice and Folly dreſſed in ſo many different faſhions, that I can find no difficulty in detecting them under any diſguiſe; but your unpractiſed eyes are almoſt as eaſily deceived as when you were five years old, and when you could not believe that your paſteboard Nun was the ſame perſon in her various changes of attire.

Nothing would tempt you to aſſociate with thoſe who have avowed themſelves regardleſs of right and wrong; but I muſt warn you againſt another, and a far more dangerous claſs, who profeſſing the moſt refined delicacy of ſentiment, and boaſting of invulnerable virtue exhibit themſelves in the moſt improper and hazardous ſituations; and who, becauſe they are without fear, expect to be deemed free from reproach. Either from miraculous good fortune, or from a ſingularity of temper, theſe adventurous heroines may poſſibly eſcape with what they call perfect innocence.—So much the worſe for ſociety.—Their example tempts others, who fall a ſacrifice to weakneſs and folly. I would puniſh the tempters in this caſe more than the victims, and for them the moſt effectual ſpecies of puniſhment is contempt. Neglect is death to theſe female lovers of notoriety. The moment they are out of faſhion, their power to work miſchief ceaſes. Thoſe who from their character and rank have influence over public opinion, are bound to conſider theſe things in the choice of their aſſociates. This is peculiarly neceſſary in days when attempts are made to level all diſtinctions. You have ſometimes hinted to me, my dear daughter, with all proper delicacy, that I am too ſtrict in my notions, and that, unknown to myſelf, my pride mixes with morality. Be it ſo: the pride of family, and the pride of virtue, ſhould reciprocally ſupport each other. Were I aſked what I think the beſt guard to nobility in this, or in any other country, I ſhould anſwer VIRTUE. I admire that ſimple epitaph in Weſtminſter Abbey on the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle;—"Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngeſt ſiſter to the Lord Lucas of Colcheſter;—a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous."

I look to the temper of the times in forming rules for conduct. Of late years we have ſeen wonderful changes in female manners. I may be like the old marquis in Gil Blas, who contended that even the peaches of modern days had deteriorated: but I fear that my complaints of the degeneracy of human kind are better founded than his fears for the vegetable creation. A taſte for the elegant profligacy of French gallantry was, I remember introduced into this country before the deſtruction of the French monarchy. Since that time, ſome ſentimental writers and pretended philoſophers of our own and foreign countries have endeavoured to confound all our ideas of morality. To every rule of right they have found exceptions, and on theſe they have fixed the public attention by adorning them with all the ſplendid decorations of eloquence; ſo that the rule is deſpiſed or forgotten, and the exception triumphantly eſtabliſhed in its ſtead. Theſe orators ſeem as if they had been ſeed by Satan to plead the cauſe of Vice; and as if poſſeſſed by the evil ſpirit, they ſpeak with a vehemence which carries away their auditors, or with a ſubtlety which deludes their better judgment. They put extreme caſes, in which virtue may become vice, or vice virtue: they exhibit criminal paſſions in connection with the moſt exalted, the moſt amiable of virtues; thus making uſe of the beſt feelings of human nature for the worſt purpoſes, they engage pity or admiration perpetually on the ſide of guilt. Eternally talking of philoſophy and philanthropy, they only borrow the terms to perplex the ignorant and ſeduce the imaginative. They have their ſyſtems and their theories, and in theory they pretend that the general good of ſociety is their ſole immutable rule of morality, and in practice they make the variable feelings of each individual the judges of this general good. Their ſyſtems diſdain all the vulgar virtues, intent upon ſome *beau ideal* of perfection or perfectibility. They ſet common ſenſe and common honeſty at defiance. No matter:—their doctrine, ſo convenient to the paſſions and ſoporific to the conſcience, can never want partizans: eſpecially by weak and enthuſiaſtic women it is adopted and propagated with eagerneſs; then they become perſonages of conſequence, and zealots in ſupport of their ſublime opinions:—and they can read; and they can write; and they can talk, and they can *effect a revolution in public opinion*! I am afraid indeed that they can; for of late years we hear more of ſentiment than of principles; more of the rights of woman than of her duties. We have ſeen talents diſgraced by the conduct of their poſſeſſors, and perverted in the vain attempt to defend what is unjuſtifiable.

Where muſt all this end?—where the abuſe of reaſon inevitably ends, in the ultimate law of force. If in this age of reaſon women make a bad uſe of that power which they have obtained by the cultivation of their underſtanding, they will degrade and enſlave themſelves beyond redemption; they will reduce their ſex to a ſituation worſe than it ever experienced even in the ages of ignorance and ſuperſtition. If men find that the virtue of women diminiſhes in proportion as intellectual cultivation increaſes, they will connect, fatally for the freedom and happineſs of our ſex. the ideas of female ignorance and female innocence; they will decide that one is the effect of the other. They will not pauſe to diſtinguiſh between the uſe and the abuſe of reaſon; they will not ſtand by to ſee further experiments tried at their expenſe, but they will prohibit knowledge altogether as a pernicious commodity, and will exert all the ſuperior power which nature and ſociety place in their hands, to enforce their decrees. Opinion obtained freedom for women; by opinion they may again be enſlaved. It is therefore the intereſt of the female world. and of ſociety, that women ſhould be deterred by the dread of ſhame from paſſing the bounds of diſcretion. No falſe lenity, no partiality in favour of amuſing talents or agreeable manners, ſhould admit of exceptions which become dangerous examples of impunity. The rank and ſuperior underſtanding of a *delinquent* ought not to be conſidered in mitigation, but as aggravating circumſtances. Rank makes ill conduct more conſpicuous: talents make it more dangerous. Women of abilities, if they err, uſually employ all their powers to juſtify, rather than to amend their faults. Other women go wrong from weakneſs, they from principle.

I am afraid, my dear daughter, that my general arguments are cloſing round your Olivia. But I muſt bid you a good night, for my poor eyes will ſerve me no longer. God bleſs you my dear child.

Inſtances of Contentment, Reſignation, &c.

NOTHING will produce contentment in the mind but the experience of the power of religion. It is that which will enable us to ſmile at toil and pain, and bear up with cheerfulneſs under the various evils of life.

Dr. Hammond, it is ſaid, was troubled with a complication of diſorders, and when he had got the gout upon him, he uſed to thank God that it was not the ſtone; and when he had the ſtone, that he had not both theſe diſtempers on him at the ſame time. Thus we ſee how Chriſtianity influences the mind, and teaches us to be ſubmiſſive and reſigned under adverſe providences; and indeed, however men may boaſt

of their courage or fortitude, they muſt be ſtrangers to genuine and laſting peace, if they are unaaquainted with religion.—Poets indeed and Noveliſts, have beautifully deſcribed contentment and have often charmed their admirers into a momentary oblivion of their ſorrows: but this has made way for ſubſequent diſſatisfaction with every ſituation and employment in real life. The citizen fancies that contentment dwells in rural obſcurity; the ruſtic concludes, that it may be found in the ſplendour and pleaſures of the metropolis. Courtiers *pretend to think*, that this pleaſing companion is inſeperable from retirement: the poor erroneouſly imagine, that it may be found in palaces. We amuſe ourſelves with deſcriptions of Arcadian groves; the Arcadians would probably conlude, that none are ſo happy as the inhabitants of this favoured country. They who have it in their power are continually ſhifting from one place and purſuit to another; and ſuch as are excluded from this privilege, envy, grudge, and murmur.—The world reſembles, a number of people in a fever, who reliſh nothing, are always reſtleſs, and try by inceſſant change of place and poſture to eſcape from their uneaſy ſenſations, but all their efforts are in vain Does not this ſingle conſideration prove, that godlineſs is the health of the ſoul, and that without it there can be no abiding contentment!

The following reproof given to a diſcontented man ſeems appropriate. The man during the coldneſs of the weather was always exclaiming, "It is terribly cold to day." The warm weather coming on he changed his tone, and exclaimed—"it is terribly hot to-day." You place heaven," ſaid a gentleman to him, "in great difficulties. Is it not," ſaid he, "much better to take the ſeaſons as they change, and to receive with equal gratitude from the hand of God, the winter's cold and the ſummer's warmth?" How neceſſary is it for us all to check a diſſatisfied and murmuring ſpirit.

When Archbiſhop Fenelon's library was on fire—"God be praiſed," ſaid he, "that it is not the habitation of ſome poor man."

It is our intereſt as well as duty cheerfully to acquieſce in the will of God, whatever befalls us. "That we may not complain of what *is*, let us ſee God's hand in all eveuts; and that we may not be afraid of what *ſhall* be, let us ſee all events in God's hands." "When I was rich," ſays one, "I poſſeſſed God in all; and now I am poor, I poſſeſs all in God."

While Dr. Doddridge was at Bath, on his way to Falmouth, (from which latter place he embarked for Liſbon, for the recovery of his health) Lady H——'s houſe at Bath was his home. In the morning of the day on which he ſet out from thence for Falmouth, Lady H. came into he room, and found him weeping over that paſſage in Daniel, chap. ix. 11 and 12 verſes—"O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, &c." "You are in tears, Sir," ſaid Lady H. "I am weeping Madam," ſaid the good Doctor, "but they are tears of comfort and joy. I can give up my country, my relations, and friends into the hands of God; and as to myſelf, I can as well go to heaven from Liſbon as from my ſtudy at Northampton."

How peculiarly placid muſt the mind of Dr Watts have been, when, in the proſpect of death, he ſaid, "I bleſs God I can lie down with comfort at night, unſolicitous whether I awake in this world or another.

DISCOVERIES

Made by means of the Microſcope.

NATURE is in ſmall objects what ſhe is in the great ones. There is no leſs order and harmony in the conſtruction of the mite, than in that of the elephant. The only difference is, that the weakneſs of our ſight prevents us from penetrating into the nature and organization of ſmall bodies, which often eſcape our eyes, and which we can only perceive by the aſſiſtance of glaſſes. Microſcopes have made us acquainted with a new world of vegetables and animals. They teach us, that objects which the naked eye cannot diſcover, have extent, parts, and form. Let us mention ſome examples of it, to lead us to praiſe God, whoſe glory manifeſts itſelf ſo wonderfully in ſmall objects.

Every grain of ſand appears round, when we examine it with our eyes only; but by the aſſiſtance of a glaſs, we may obſerve that every grain is different, both in ſize and ſhape. Some are perfectly round, others ſquare, others conical, but moſtly irregular. And what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing is, that by means of a microſcope, which makes objects appear a million of times larger than they are, we may diſcover, in the grains of ſand, a new animal world: for it has been found, that their cavities contain inſects. In cheeſe there are little worms called mites, which to the naked eye appear mere dots, whilſt, with a microſcope, they are proved to be inſects of a ſingular figure.—They have not only eyes, mouth, and feet, but a tranſparent body, furniſhed with long hair, in the form of prickles.

As for the region of plants, it is found in the mouldy ſubſtance which uſually ſticks to damp bodies. It ſhews you a thick foreſt of trees and plants, where there branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit can be clearly diſtinguiſhed. The flowers have long, white, tranſparent ſtalks. Before it opens the bud is but a little green ball; and it does not become white till it has blown. You would as little expect to find theſe objects in mouldy ſubſtances, as that the meal which covers the wings of the butterfly ſhould be a heap of little feathers, if the microſcope had not proved the truth of it. But we have no occaſion to carry our reſearches to remote objects. Let is limit them to what relates to ourſelves. Examine, with a microſcope, the ſurface of your ſkin, and you will find that it reſembles the ſcaly ſkin of a fiſh. It has been computed that a grain of ſand could cover 250 of theſe ſcales, and that one only of theſe ſcales covers 500 pores, and conſequently, that a ſpace equal to a grain of ſand, contains 125,000 pores.

THE VISITOR.

Richmond, Auguſt 25, 1809.

Education.

Under the preſſure of foreign injuſtice and the domeſtic uneaſineſs it occaſions, which, in ſpite of the equitable exertions of goverment, continue to afflict the Union, our patriotic feelings are highly gratified by the rapid improvement of our youth of both ſexes, reſulting from the excellent ſyſtem of education, which has lately been adopted in ſome of our public ſeminaries; particularly in that under the direction of Meſſrs. Girardin and Doyle; the younger ſtudents of which have, in the late examination of them, that commenced on the 11ſt, evinced ſuch a clear conception of each ſubject before them, and the elder ſuch a complete knowledge of various ſciences through which they had paſſed as gave to the numerous and enlightened auditors who attended it, the moſt rapturous ſatisfaction; and to the community at large, the faireſt promiſes of increaſing refinement, and conſequently, a wider ſphere of happineſs.

MR. GIRARDIN aſcribes much to the innate powers of the human intellect; yet, he conſiders a ſedulous culture of thoſe powers as chiefly promotive of mental excellence. The following paſſage of a poem which he is now preparing on the ſubject of Education, and with the peruſal of which, we have been favoured, evinces, that, to him the energies of induſtry are omnipotent.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

L'Enfance eſt un ſol vierge; il faut á la nature
Prêter l'heureux ſecours d'une active culture.
Souvent d'arides lieux, de Sauvages déſerts,
De lianes d'abord. et de ronces couverts,
Par le ſoc transformés, offrent à l'induſtrie,
Ici l'or des moiſſons, plus loin l'herbe fleurie.
Souvent, d'un bloc informe, et long temps ignoré,
Sous le ciſeau fécond du ſculpteur inſpiré,
D'un Héros, ou d'un Dieu, Jaillit l'auguſte image;
Et le marbre ennobli réclame notre hommage.
De l'art et du Génie, ô magique pouvoir!
Pour accomplir, á l'homme illuſtre de vouloir...!
Loin donc, ce faux ſyſtême, et ces vaines maximes,
De cerveaux exaltés paradoxes ſublimes,
Qui des jeunes talents ſemblent craindre l'eveil,
Et de l'âme voudroient prolonger le ſommeil!
Le ſens commun proſcrit une erreur ſi funeſte;
Le ſonds ſeul eſtá nous; le travail fair le reſte....

* * * * * * * *

THE EXAMINATION was begun by Mr. Girardin upon Geometry, Trigonometry, the theory and practice of Surveying, Algebra, Natural Philoſophy (particularly Optics) Logic, Natural Philoſophy, (particularly Zoology) Civil Hiſtory, Geography, the Globes—and want of time only prevented him continuing it in the French & Italian languages.

The following was exhibited as a list of subjects on which Mr. Doyle intended to examine the pupils in his department; but some of the less interesting of these also were, for want of time, unavoidably omitted.

In the Greek Language—The 1st Class.—Homer's Illiad, 12. The 2d—Xenophon and Lucian. The 3d—The Testament.

In the Latin Language.—The 1st Class.—Horace's Odes, Epistles, and Art of Poetry; the 2d—Virgil & Sallust; the 3d—Ovid, Cæsar, & Introduction; the 4th—Grammar & Selectæ e Veteri.

In the English Language.—Reading and Recitation, The British Classics, Writing, Arithmetic, Murray's Grammar entire, including Prosody and the Appendix. Blair's Lectures on Criticism, Paring on Milton, Thompson, Pope, Cowper, &c. Millott's ancient and modern History, Book-keeping, Geography, Workman's United States, Coolineau's compilation, Asia, Europe & Africa, Pinkerton's part of Europe.

The ORATIONS at the Capitol on Thursday the 3d inst. were intended in lieu of an examination upon Rhetoric; of which the 1st was *An Eulogium on Eloquence*, composed and delivered in a most respectable manner, by Mr. Selden.

The 2d, *On the pernicious influence of Luxuries to the growth of public and of private happiness*, was written, and given to the public in a voice pleasingly audible, and with much grace of action, by Mr. Madison.

The 3d, *On the injustice and inexpediency of Capital Punishments*, was the production of Mr. Munroe, and was spoken by him with much energy and truth of expression.

The 4th *On the effect of Education with regard to individual and national happiness*, was the work of Mr. Garnet; who thereby, exhibited such an extent of reading, such sagacity of reflection, such acuteness of reasoning, and such powers of eloquence as have placed him among the greatest ornaments of the rising generation.

Though great has been our enjoyment in detailing the above, we have equal pleasure in reverting to the merits of the young Ladies, who in the afternoon of Wednesday the 2d. were examined by Mr. Doyle in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar---and, the Senior Class, on Blair's Lectures. They were afterwards questioned by Mr. Girardin, on Natural History, Geography, and the French Language; in the latter of which he was politely assisted by Misses Marx, Mayo, and Conyers; to whom, and a numerous audience of their friends,, they gave, not only a convincing proof of the capability of their teachers, but such satisfactory evidence of their own docility, as fully refuted the Mahometan opinion that the mind of woman is less improvable than the understanding of man.

Those who have entered or may wish to enter the younger branches of their families at this academy, will rejoice with us to hear that an additional teacher is engaged for the purpose of paying still greater attention to the junior classes.

Humorous.

FOR THE VISITOR.

Instructions for Inexperienced Sportsmen.

BY SAMUEL GAMBADO.

As most inexperienced sportsmen are apt to pull trigger as soon as the piece is brought to their face, whether they have taken aim or not; damp powder should always be preferred, in order the better to get a true sight before the powder explodes; it will be found to be much more certain than powder which is too quick for the sight.

Previous to your going out, your powder and shot should be well mixed together, about in equal proportions; the advantages resulting from this practice are obvious, in this case your shot bag and powder flask will be both one; and one wad will answer instead of two; it likewise may, if a shot should come before the touch hole, prevent unfortunate accidents by your gun's going off accidentally, and it will save time in loading which is always considered a matter of primary importance.

In guns of any ordinary caliber, it is to be recommended that you serve your piece with about six or seven inches of the above composition, exclusive of the wad; that you may the better, feel her motion, and be convinced, whether she is discharged; it will save the trouble of snapping again, or sounding with your ramrod to ascertain the fact.

If your piece throws the shot too thick, and cuts your game too much, it is only necessary to give the muzzle, a whirl at the instant you pull trigger, it will then scatter your shot sufficiently, and will have a very good effect among a flock of black birds. If by this means you should kill more than you could carry home at once, you may take a servant with you the next time you go out, to assist in this part of the amusement, i. e. if you can hire one upon moderate terms; but perhaps it would be better to agree with one upon shares in which case you certainly cannot be taken in to any great amount.

The next thing for consideration; is the position in which you stand when shooting; though to prevent accidents and keep from being knocked down if your piece is unruly, it is recommended in all cases where the nature of the case will admit, that you should lie flat on the the ground, but as some difficulty might occur in shooting flying in this position, especially if your game should fly nearly over your head; it is advised that you stand with your right foot about three feet in advance of your left, and stand firm, griping your gun in both your hands with all your strength; observing this precaution you will be less likely to be moved from your ground, and your piece will be more likely to stay in your hands.

Personal appearance is likewise a matter of moment in this accomplishment: in this I differ widely from my cousin *Geoffry*, in his description of dress he appears to be in favor of those fair weather soldiers, who frighten more by their appearance than they do by fighting, this may do in war but not with genuine sportsman; a gaudy and dazzling appearance has frightened much game before they could be reached with a musket ball. I should therefore advise, that before entering on a party of this kind, you should let your beard grow for at least three weeks or a month, let your coat and pantaloons hang out in the weather for a greater length of time, they will not then look so frightful to the inhabitants of the fields and woods; a thatched hat should certainly be preferred; it is a well known fact, that any one thus accoutred, with such a weather beaten appearance, excites less fear in wild fowl than the reverse.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED, On Sunday morning, the 23d ult. James H. Tucker, Esq. merchant of Norfolk, to the much accomplished Miss Anne R. Todd, eldest daughter of M. Todd Esq. Smithfield.

———In Bradford, (Mass.) the Hon. Nathaniel Thruston, one of the Senators of Essex, to Miss Fletcher, his *seventh wife*;—"Counsel our councellors,, and give our senators wisdom."

DEATHS.

DIED, On Sunday, the 30th ult. at his seat in Hanover county, in the 75th year of his age, the Hon. Peter Lyons, President of the court of Appeals, of this Commonwealth.

——— On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Robert Nicolson, of Petersburg.

———On the second inst. at Saratoga Springs, Mr. Alexander Thomas of Walpole, proprietor and Editor of the 'Farmer's Museum.'

———In Wakefield, N. H. Mrs Patience Hall, aged 79; she is supposed to have assisted at the birth of more than 1000 children.

———In Rehoboth, Mrs. Hannah Munro, aged 98 relict of the late John Munro, and grand daughter of the celebrated Col. Church. Her posterity, as nearly as can be ascertained, are 13 children, 93 grand children, 161 great-grand children, and 22 great-great-grand children—in all 289.

AN APPRENTICE

Will be taken at this Office, one between the ages of 13 and 16, possessing at least a good English education, and an unexceptionable character.

Original Poetry.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following lines fell accidentally into my hands. They are from the pen of a young gentleman, a native of this country, who has never, I believe, given them to the public. Their expreſſive energy, and the unveiled portrait they exhibit, of the agonizing ſpaſms of a heart where ſenſibility is rapidly freezing beneath the ſoul-chilling powers of unreciprocated paſſion, induce me to offer them to you. Although the rigid moraliſt may declaim or even reaſon with vehemence and propriety againſt an indulgence in ſuicide; yet when a youthful boſom has long glowed with intenſity of paſſion for a ſingle object, and indulged in the fond deluſions of anticipated bliſs; when it has often throbbed in imaginary reſponſe and expanded in view of charms which cheating fancy has painted in perſpective, and found them ultimately no more than the fleeting hopes of a viſionary dream; it is but too apt to ſilence the dictates of nature, the commands of duty, and the ſuggeſtions of religion, by an indulgence in that action.

K.

Fell darkneſs rules! tis dreary as the tomb!
And melancholy claims her wonted reign!
Dim fleeting viſions ſweep the horrid gloom,
Nor ſound is heard along the diſtant plain.

Save from the ruins of your mould'ring tower,
That nodding, totters to the paſſing breeze,
The lonely owl diſturbs the ſolemn hour,
The boding raven ſcreams amidſt the trees.

The weary plowman thoughtleſs ſeeks his reſt,
And ſleeps contented in his humble ſtate,
No care corroding, rankles in his breaſt,
He envies not the grandeur of the great.

The dawn of morn recalls him to his toil,
A virtuous wife his homely food prepares,
His lovely infants greet him with a ſmile,
For them are all his labours, all his cares.

Fled are the joys that once my boſom fir'd,
Faded the roſes that my cheeks ador'd,
Blaſted the hopes my youthful heart inſpir'd,
The ſmiles of love to frown unbidden turn'd.

Oh! earth, thou art to me a very hell;
Burſt are the ſacred ties of mutual love:
Go, virtuous man, if ſuch below their dwell,
Go ſeek them with thy father, god above.

Oh! had I never viewed Elvira's form,
Had never loved the all-enchanting fair,
Then had I never known the blaſting ſtorm,
That drives me to the rathneſs of deſpair.

The gaudy world can boaſt no charms for me,
Nor can the ſhow of faithleſs friends delight,
From pangs like theſe, I'll ſet my boſom free
And ruſh to regions of eternal night.

Can I, a lovely ſiſter's form withſtand,
Should I not live to wipe misfortunes tears,
Will not a tender father's voice demand,
That I ſhould cheriſh his declining years?

Can I, a dying mother's couch forego,
Forget the ſplendour of my preſent ſtate,
And turn the houſe of merriment to woe,
By the ſad tale of my unhappy fate.

Reaſon to me has loſt her wonted charm,
The ties of nature loſe their ſoft controul,
Nor can religions ſoothing voice diſarm
The cool deliberate purpoſe of my ſoul.

Curſe on the world, diſtraction fires my brain,
Rage burns my breaſt and boils through every part;
Come friendly draught, and eaſe the furious pain,
Thou laſt ſad comfort of a broken heart.

'Tis done! now let the ſon of pleaſure rail,
Unus'd to miſery's pangs, his firmneſs boaſt,
Soon ſhall the vital power of action fail,
Soon ſhall I reach eternity's vaſt coaſt.

Father of mercy; ſmile, O! ſmile from heav'n,
Drive from my guilty breaſt theſe dire alarms,
Oh! let this deed of rathneſs be forgiv'n,
And take a wretched ſuppliant to thy arms.

Protect Elvira, ha! what would I ſay;
'Twas ſhe that drove me to this deed of death;
My ſoul recoils, for her I cannot pray,
But curſe her mem'ry with my dying breath.

That beauteous form which ardent lovers prize,
May poverty's hard hand oppreſſive grind,
May all the pangs of retroſpection riſe,
And dreams of horrour nightly tear her mind....

Curb thy foul tongue, nor blaſt the matchleſs worth,
Of her whom heaven to thy arms denied,
Shortly within the ſilent tomb of Earth
Shall the warm paſſions of thy breaſt ſubſide.

Cheriſh her, heav'n, with everlaſting love,
Revoke the heavy curſes of my ſoul,
May ſhe the joy of wedded virtue prove
And all her days in ſweet contentment roll.

The poiſon works and fades the fluttering light,
Tremble my limbs, hark, yon paſſing bell;
I go, my ſtruggling ſpirit takes its flight,
And bids Elvira and the world farewell.

TO WEALTH.

Almighty pow'r! inſpire my ſtrain,
I give to thee the Theban meaſure,
For wealth alone can purchaſe pleaſure.
Warm beauty's bluſh, the hero on the plain,
May be the theme of other ſongs;
To thee the ſwell of mine belongs:
Belongs to thee, thou mighty power!
Without whoſe aid the mental flower
May ſcatter to the blaſt its rich perfume,
And fade unknown;
Or by an earlier doom,
Wither before the time of bloom.
Thou canſt for every ill atone,
And thou the beſt excuſe canſt plead
For every crime
That e'er was done,
In ev'ry clime
Beneath the ſun.
Or turn to ridicule the holieſt deed.
For wealth, oppreſſion wrings
The low, the poor.
Wealth miniſters to kings,
And drives the humble from the proud man's door.

This can buy a ſounding name,
This can tune the wild-harp's ſtrings;
For this is bought factitious fame,
For this the venal poet ſings.
For Wealth ſtern Vengeance lifts the ſteel,
For Wealth the blood of man is ſpilt,
For Wealth Religion imps her zeal,
And Beauty ſhelters in the arms of guilt. B.

On being informed that Miſs —— had a key to her heart.

A key to your heart! then 'tis hard to be won,
And the child of misfortune would aſk it in vain;
Since thoſe who have baſk'd in proſperity's ſun
Neither it nor the treaſure it leads to could gain.

Yet willingly I would be tutor'd by you
In the ſcience of gaining a treaſure ſo vaſt;
If he is to win it who loves you moſt true,
Moſt certainly, ſweet one, I'll have it at laſt. B.

Selected Poetry.

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eſchewed all evil;
Still on his Madonas the curious may gaze
With applauſe and amazement, but chiefly his praiſe
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels, compared to the devils he drew,
Who beſieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, ſuch a damnable hue!
You could even ſmell brimſtone, their breath was ſo blue,
He painted his devils ſo well.

And now had the artiſt a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She ſtood on the dragon embracing her ſon;
Many devils already the artiſt had done,
But this muſt outdo all before.

The old Dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
At ſeeing it pauſed on the wing,
For he had the likeneſs ſo juſt to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himſelf had been there,
To pay their reſpects to their king.

Every child, at beholding it ſhivered with dread,
And ſcream'd, as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman ſaw it, but raiſing her head,
Dropp'd a bead, made a croſs on her wrinkles, and ſaid,
—"God ſave me from ugly Old Nick!"—

What the painter earneſtly thought on by day,
He ſometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was ſtartled, as ſleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream; he could plainly ſurvey
That the Devil himſelf was in ſight.

—"You raſcally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!
"Though your caricatures for myſelf I deſpiſe,
"Make me handſomer now in the multitudes eyes,
"Or ſee if I threaten in vain!"

Now the painter was bold, and religious beſide,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
So earneſtly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for ſitting with Catholic pride,
And ſturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the painter aroſe,
He is ready as ſoon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Tis freſh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is ſure the reſemblance cant fail;
The tip of the noſe is red hot,
There's his grin, and his fangs, his ſkin covered with ſcale,
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind;
He touches again, and again feeds his ſight,
He looks round for applauſe, and he ſees with affright
The original ſtanding behind.

—"Fool! ideot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he ſpoke,
And ſtamp'd on the ſcaffold with ire,
The painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height and the ſcaffolding broke;
The Devil could wiſh it no higher.

"Help! help! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the ſcaffold ſunk under his feet.
From the canvaſs the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good painter, ſhe ſav'd him from harm,
There were thouſands who ſaw in the ſtreet.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he ſpied,
And curs'd his own fruitleſs endeavour,
While the painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and bruſhes in triumph, and cried,
—"Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

MY NATIVE HOME,

BY MARY ROBINSON.

O'er breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or cloſing day,
In ſummer's flaunting pomp array'd
Or penſive moonlight's ſilver gray,
The wretch in ſadneſs ſtill ſhall roam,
Who wanders from his *native home*.

While at the foot of ſome old tree,
As meditation ſoothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wandering bee,
Or rippling ſtream, or whiſp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy ſtill ſhall roam,
And lead him to his *native home*.

Tho' love a fragrant couch may weave,
And fortune heap the feſtive board,
Still mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And reaſon ſcorn the ſplendid hoard;
While he beneath the proudeſt dome,
Would languiſh for his *native home*.

To him the ruſhy roof is dear,
And ſweetly calm the darkeſt glen;
While pomp, and pride, and power appear
At beſt the glitt'ring plagues of men;
Unſought by thoſe that never roam
Forgetful of their *native home*.

Let me to ſummer ſhades retire,
With meditation and the muſe!
Or round the ſocial winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuſe;
Tho' winds may howl and waters foam,
I ſtill ſhall bleſs my *native home*.

And oh! when youth's extatic hour,
And paſſion's glowing noon are paſt;
Should age behold the tempeſt low'r,
And ſorrow blow its keeneſt blaſt,
My ſhade, no longer doomed to roam,
Shall find the grave a *peaceful home*.

CANZONET.

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

CAMOENS.

When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The ſweeteſt of oaths hide the falſeſt intent,
And Suſpicion abaſh'd, from her company flies,
When ſhe ſmiles like an angel—and ſwears by her eyes.

For in them ſuch magic ſhe knows, is diſplay'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can perſuade;
And ſhe thinks that I dare not, or cannot, refuſe
To believe on their credit whate'er ſhe may chooſe.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of youth,
That vehement oaths never conſtitute truth;
And I've ſtudied thoſe treacherous eyes, and I find
They are mutable ſigns of a mutable mind!

Then, dear one, I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you aſſert, even though to deceive,
Than that you "by your eyes" ſhould ſo wickedly ſwear.
And ſin againſt heaven—for heaven is there!

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